BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, Author of "Uncle Remns," "Plantation Pables," Ac. (Coppright, 1888, by J. C. Barris.)

L-ON THE UNION SIDE. Private O'Halloran, detailed for special duty in advance of the picket line, eat reclining against a huge red oak. Within reach lay a rific of beautiful workmanship. In one hand he held a blackened brier-root pipe, gazing on it with an air of mock regret. It had been his companion on many a weary march, and on many a lonely day, when, as now, he was doing duty as a sharpshooter. But it was not much of a companion now. It held the flavor. but not the fragrance of other days. It was empty, and so was O'Halloran's tobacco pouch It was nothing to grumble about, but the big. laughing Irishman liked his pipe, especially when it was full of tobacco. The words of an old song came to him, and he hummed them to bimself:

"There was an ould man, an' he had a wooden leg, An' he had no terbacky, nor terbacky could be beg;
There was another ould man, as keen as a fox.
An' he always had terbacky in his ould terbacky box.

" fex one ould man, 'Will yez give me a chew " Bes the other ould man, 'I'll be dommed of I do. Kape away from them gin-mills, an' save up yare rocks, An' ye'll always have terbacky in yer ould terbacky

What with the singing and the far-away thoughts that accompanied the song. Private O'Halloran failed to hear footsteps approach-

ing until they sounded quite near.
"Halt!" he cried, seizing his rifle and springing to his feet. The newcomer wore the insignia of a Federal captain, seeing which O'Halloran lowered his weapon and saluted. "Sure, sor, you're not to mind me capers. I thought the inimy had me complately surrounded-1 did.

upon me sowi."
"And I." said the Captain, laughing. "thought the Johnnies had caught me. It is a pleasant surprise. You are O'Halloran, of the Sharpshooters, I have heard of you—a gav singer, and a great fighter."
"Sure, it's not for me to saw that same. I

sings a little bothwane times for to kape up me sperits, and takes me chances, right and lift. You're takin's good many yourself You're takin' a good many yourself, sor. so far away from the nicket line. If I make no mistake, soc, it is Capt. Somervilles I'm

That is my name," the Captain said. "I was touchin' clooms wit' you at Gottys-

The Captain looked at O'Halloran again. "Why, certainly!" he exclaimed. "You are the big fallow that litted one of the Johnnies ever the stone wall."
"By the stack of the trousers, I am that

same, sor. He was nothin' but a bit of a lad, sor, but he fought right up to the end of me nose. The men was salabin at 'im wit' their onyonels, so I sex to him, says, I frome in out of the inclemency of the weather, says I, and thin I lifted him over. He made at me, sor, when I put 'im down an' it took two men for to lead 'im kindig to the rear. It was a warm hour, sor. As O'Halloran talked he kept his eyes far

Sure, sor," be went on, "you stand too much in the open. They had one muddlehead on that post yesterday-they'll not put another there to-day, sor." As he said this, the big Irishman solzed the Captain by the arm and

gave him a sudden jerk. It was an unceremonious proceeding, but a very timely one, for the next moment the sapling against which the Captain had been lightly leaning was shattered by a ball from the Confederate 'Tis an old friend of mine, sor," said O'Hal-

loran. "I know 'im by his handwritin'. They had a muddlehead there vesterday, sor. I set in full sight of 'im. an' he biazed at me twice; the last time I had me list above me head, an' he grazed me knuckles. 'Bedad,' says I. 'you're no good in your place,' an when he showed his mug. I plugged 'im where the nose says howdy to the eyebrows. Twas no hurt to'im, sor; if he seen the flash, twas as

To the left in a little clearing was a comfortable farmhouse. Stacks of folder and straw and pens of corn in the shuck were ranged around. There was every appearance of prosperity, but no sign of life, save two bluebirds, the pioneers of spring, which were fighting around the martin gourds, preparing

to take possession.
"There's where I was born." The Captain pointed to the farmhouse. "It is five years since I have seen the place."

that they call it the civil war, but it's nothin' but oneivil, sor, for to fight agin your ould

to the Federal lines. Then he shook down the breech of his rifle, and slipped a long cartridge into its place. "You see that big poplar over yonder? Well, under that tree there is a man, leastways he ought to be there, because he's always hangin' around in from to fme."
"Why don't you nall him?" asked Fambrough.

Interispiace. 10a see that his popular over yonder? Well, under that free there's a man, leastways he ought to be there, because he's always hangin around in front of me."

"Why don't you nail him?" asked Fambrough.

"Bosh! Why don't he nail me? It's because he can't do it. Well, that's the reason I don't nail him, You know what happened yesterday, don't you? You saw that elegant lookin, chap that came out to take my place, didn't you? Did you see him when he went back?"

Lieut, Clonton replied with a little grimace, but Fambrough said never a word. He only looked at Kilpatrick with inquiring cros.

"Why, he was the nicest lookin' man in the army—hair combed, clothes brushed, and rings on his fingers. He was all the way from Now Leans, with a silver-mounted rifle and a globe sight.

"A which?" asked Fambrough.

"A globe sight. Set down on yourself a little further, sonny, said Happy Jack! "your head's too high. I says to him, says i. Friend, you are goin' where you'll have to strip that dol's step-ladder off nyour gun, an' comedown to husiness, 'easys!. He harried and said he rechoned not. I says, says I. You may have to face a red-headed, fiannel-mouthed frishman, and you don't want to look at him through all that machinery,' says I.

"What did he say?" Fambrough asked.

"He said, 'I'll git him. Now, how did he git him? Why, he come down hore, lammed aloose a time or two, and then hung his head over the edge of the gulley there, with a lair right spang betwith his eres. I went behind the nicket line to get a wink of sleep, but I hadn't more'n curried up in the broom sage before I heard that chap a bangin' away. Then come the reply, like this "-liappy Jack snapped his fingers— and then I went to sleep waitin for the replinder.

"Well, dog my eats' Yonder's a chap standin' right spang betwith his fire with a light swinging movement, chirruped to at as though it were a horse or a little cliid, and in another moment the deadly business of war would have been resumed, but I embrough ind his hand on the sharpshooter

ground with his his.

"lount tell me you missed him," said Clopton.

"Miss what?" exclaimed Kilpatrick, scornfulg. "If he sind drunk, somebody guiled his out of the xav."

"I told you it was luck," commanted Clopton.

"Shucks: don't tell me. Luck's like lightnin. Sie never hits twice in the same place." Kilpatrick sank back in the guily and gave innself up to ruminating. He leaned on his chows and pulled up little fults of grass and weeks growing here and there. Lient. Clopton, localing across lowerd the poplar, suddenly reached for the sharpshooter's rifle, but kilpatrick placed his hand on it lealedgiv.

"Give me the gun. Yondor's a lank in full view."

ew. Kipatrick, still holding his rifle, raised him-il and looked. Why, he's langing out a flag of truce," said option. What does the fellow mean? It is a message, said kilpatrick, an here's to answer. With that he raised his rifle, opped it gently in the paim of his left hand, at fired.

and fired.

"You saw the bankcher jump, didn't you?"
he exclaimed. "Well, that lets us out. That's
my Mickey. He wants to baceo and I want coffee an't ea. Come, watch me swap him out of
lise yetceth."

Then Klipatrick went to a clump of broom
sedge and drew forth a wallet containing sevevens and drew lorth a wallet containing several pounds of prepared smoking tobacco and a tundle of plug tobacco, and in a few moments the trie were picking their way through the unterwood toward the open.

III .- ON NEUTRAL GROUND.

Matters were getting critical for Squire Fambeough. He had vowed and declared that he would never be a refugee, but he had a responsibility on his hands that he had not counted on. That responsibility was his daughter Julia. 22 years old, and as obstinate as her father. The squire had sent off his son's wife and her chitica, together with as many negroes as had refused to go into the Union lines. He had expected his daughter to go at the same time, but when the time arrived the int Julia showed that she had a mind of her own. She made no scene, she did not go into hysteries; but when everything was ready she a-ked her father if he was going. He said he would follow along after a while. She called to a negro and made him take her tunks and bandboxes from the wagon and carry them into the house, while Squire Fambrough stood scratching his head. "Why don't you make her come?" his daughter-in-law asked, somewhat sharply. "Well, Susannah," the squire remarked, "I aim theen a jestice of the peace and a married man, off an' on forty year, without findin' out when to fool with the wincen sek an when not to fool with the wincen sek an when not to fool with the wincen sek an when had to fool with

You don't tell me, sor. I see in the Har'ld law.

You don't tell me, sor. I see in the Har'ld law.

I give you lief, Susannah, freely an' fully.

Law your lawy some'rs weer it won't git run over, an' take off your surplus harness, an' go an' fetch her out of the house an' put her in The probability of the second property of the second probability of th

born with? Do you reckon I'm a-goin' to be a-refuseein' an 'a-skeedadilin' across the country like a skeer'd rabbit at my time of life? I hain't afeared of nary two armies they can find room for on these hills! Hain't I got one son on one side an 'another son on t'other side? Much good they are doin', too. If they'd a-felt like me, they'd a-felt both sides. Do you reckon I'm a-gwine to be drove off in the place where I was born, an' where your gran pappy was born, an where your mother lies burid? No, honey!

"But, father, you know we can't stay here. Suppose there should be a battle?"

"Come, honey! come!" There was a touch of petulance in the old man's tone. "Don't get me flustrated. I told you to go when John's wife an't he children went. By this time you'd a been out of hearin' of the war."

"But, father, how could I go and leave you here all by yourself?" The girl laid her hand on the Squire's shoulder caressingly.

"No," exclaimed the Squire, angrily, "stay you would, stay you did, an' here you are !"

"I'es, and now I want to go away, and I want you to go with me. All the horses are not taken, and the spring wagon and the barouche are here."

"Don't come a pestering' me, honey! I'm

barouello are liere.

"Don't come a pestering' me, honev! I'm
pesterred enough as it is. Lord, if I had the
hig men here what started the war I'd take an
hutt their cussed heads together tell you
wouldn't know 'em from a lot of spiled "Now don't get angry and say bad words.

"Now don't get angry and say bad words, father."

"I can't help it. Jule: I jest can't help it. When the fuss was a brewin' I sot down an wrote to Jeems Buchanan, and told him jest as plain as the words come if he didn't look sharn; an'then when old Buck dropped out I sot down an' wrote to Abe Lincoln, an'told him that eoercion wouldn't work worth a cent, but conclination—"

"Walf, father!" Julia held up, her pretty hand. "I hoar some one calling. Listen!"

Not far awny they heard the voice of a negro. "Marse Dave Henry."

"Hello! Who the nation are you hollerin at?" said Squire Fambrough, as a youngish looking negro man came in view. "An' where did you come from an' where are you goin?"

"Howdy, mistiss—howdy, marster!" The negro took off his hat as be came up.

"What's your name?" asked the Squire.

"I'm name Tuck sub. Noneer you-all ain't seed nothin' or marse—"

"Who do you belong to?"

"I'm name Tuck, sub. None or you-all ain't seed mothin' er marse —"
"Who do you belong to?"
"I b'longs ter do Cloptons down dar in Georgy, sub. None er you-all ain't seed nothin'—"
What are you doin' here?" demanded Squire Fambrough, somewhat angrily. "Don't you know you are inable to get killed any minute? Ain't you makin' your way to the Vankee army? kee army?
The negro spoke with unction.

"No, suh." The negro spoke with unction.
"I'm des n-huntin' my young marster, suh.
He name Dave Henry Clopton. Dat what we all call him-Marso Henry. None er you all am' reced 'im, is you?"
"Jule," said the Soutre, rubbing his nose thoughtfully, "ain't that the name of the chap that used to hang around here before Tankees got too close?"
"Do you mean Lieut, Ciopton, father?" said

thoughtfully, "and that he name of the chap that used to hang around here before I ankees got too close?"

"Do you mean Lieut. Ciopton, father?" said Julia, showing some confusion.

"I sasum." Tuck grinned and rubbed his hands together. "Marse Dave Henry is sholy a licutender in de comp'ny, an 'mistiss, she say hed a done been a giner! of dey want so imment environments and heast lined a many and the same heart him talking out here in the grove."

"Who was he talkin' to, Jule?" The Squire put the question caimly and deliberately.

There was a little pause. Julia, still bushing, adjusted an imaginary hairpin. The squire creeated his question.

"Who was he talkin' to, Jule?"

The squire creeated his question.

"Who was he talkin' to, Jule?"

"Nobody but me." said the young lady, growing radder. Her embartnessment was not iessened by an involuntary 'et--ch." from the negro. Squire Fambrough I alsed his eres he was heard and the shad of the livin' Moses." and I said. The negro is the said the spring was coming. on very rapidly, and I said. And then he had found a bunch of violets and asked most if hought it was." And then he had found a bunch of violets and asked most if hought it was." And then he had found a bunch of violets and asked most if hought it was." And then he had found a bunch of violets and asked most if hought it was." And then he had found a bunch of violets and asked most if hought it was." And then he had found a bunch of violets and asked most if would ascept them, and I said. Thank you.

"Nosaum!" The negro's tone was triumphant." Dat sholy wux Marse Dave Henry. War er no war, dat wuz him. Dat des de way he poes monest de ladies. Hou'll meandly gill.

"Yossum!" The negro's tone was triumphant." Dat sholy wux Marse Dave Henry. War er no war, dat wuz him. Dat des de way he poes monest de ladies. Hou'll meandly it, let lone ilowers, Shoo! You can't tell me hou'ld not contain the proposition of the living the p

was here?"
"No, suh!" replied Tuck, "Dey told me hack dar at de camps dat I'd fin' im out on de picket line, an' when I got 'dar dey tol' me he waz out dis away, whar dey wuz some sharp shootin' gwine on, but I ain't foun' 'im wit."

he waz out dis away, whar dey waz some share shootin' gwine on, but I ain't foun' 'im yit."

"Ain't you been with him all the time!"

"The Squire was disposed to treat the negro as a witness for the defence.

"Ler' no, suh! I des new come right straight fum Georgy, Mistiss—she Marse Dave Henry's ma—she hear talk dat de solyers ain't got no cloze fer ter war an' no vittles fer ter eat, skacely, an' she tuck'n make me come an' fetch 'im a box fuil er duds an' er box fuil er vittles. She nut cake in dar, yit, 'kase I tuk'n smelt it whiles I wus hundlin' de box. De boxes dev er dar at de camp, an' hear me, but wharabouts is Marse Dave Henry? Not ter be a hidin' fum some-body, he de hardest white man ter lin' what I ever laid eyes on. I better be knockin' long. Cood-by, marster: good-by, young misstiss. It I don' lin' Marse Dave Henry nowheres I'll know whar ter come an' watch fer 'im."

"The Squire watched the negro disappear in the woods and finen turned to his daughter. To his surprise her eyes were full of tears, but before he could make any comment or ask any before he could make any comment or ask any question he heard the noise of tramping fret in the woods, and presently saw two Union soldiers approaching. Almost immediately Julia call his attention to three soldiers coming from the Confederate side.

"I believe in my soul we're surrounded by both armies," remarked the Squire. "But don't git skeer'd, hency. I'm gold to see what they're tresspassin' on my premises for."

IV - COMMERCE AND SENTIMENT. "Upon me sow!" said O'fialloran, as he and Capt. Sometville went forward, the big frishmen leading the way. "I'm afeard I'm tollin' you into a trap."
"How?" asked the Captain.
"Why, there stree of the Johnnies comin', sor, an' the ould man and the gurrui make live."

Halt!" said the Captain, using the word by

ive."

"Halt," said the Captain, using the word by force of habit. The two passed, and the Captain took in the situation at a glance. Then he turned to the big Irishman with a queer look on his face.

"What is it, sor."

"I'm in for it now. That is my father yonder, and the young lady is my sister."

"The divvie an Tom Walker," exclaimed O'Halloran. "The a family rayunion, sor."

"I dan't know whether to make myself known or not. What could have possessed them to stay? I'l see whether they know me."

As they went forward the Captain plucked of Halloran by the sleeve. "I will be shot if the Johnay with his arm in the sling isn't my brother."

"I was expectin'it, sor." said the big Irishman, giving matters a humorous turn. "Soon the consins will be poppin' out from under the buckes."

By this time the two were near enough to the approaching Confederates to earry on a conversaling by lifting their voices a little.

By this time the two were near enough to the approaching Confederates to carry on a conversation by lifting their voices a little.

Bello, Johnny, said O'Halieran.

Totacco. What is it on your side, Yank?

The same to you, said O'Halieran.

The Irishman, using his foot as a broom, cleared the dead leaves and twigs from a little space of ground, where he deposited his bundle, and Alipatrish did the same. John Fambrough, the wounded Confederate, went forward to greet his father and sister, and Lleut, Clopton went with him. The Squire was not in a good humor.

I tell you what, John, he said to his son, I don't like to be harborin' nary side. It's agin' my principles. I don't like this collegula an' palaverin' betwixt folks that ought to be by good rights a knockin' one another on the head. If they want to collegue an' palaver, why don't they go som'ers else."

The Squire's son tried to explain, but the old gentleman hooted at the texpanation. "Come on, Jule, let's go ann see what they re up to."

As they approached the frishman glanced at Capt. Somerville, and saw that he had turned away, can in hand, to hide his emotion.

You're just in time," the Irishman said to Squire Fambrouch in a bantering tone, "to watch the continuing armies. This mite of a Johnny will swindle the Government, if I don't kap me oye on him."

"Is this what you call war?" the Squire Inquired saves sinch.

whatch the continding armies. This mite of a Johnny will swindle the Government, if I don't kape me cyc on him.

"Is this what you call war?" the Squire Inquired saressically. "Who axed you to come trespassin' on my land?"

"Oh, wo'll put the leaves back where we found them," said kilpatrick, "if we have to git a forlough."

"light you are!" said the Irishman.

"It is just a little trading froite among the boys!" Capt. Somerville turned to the old man with a courteous bow, "They will do no harm. It is asset a little trading froite among the boys!" Capt. Somerville turned to the old man with a courteous bow, "They will do no harm. It am swer for that."

"Well, I tell you how I feel about it." Squire Fambrough exclaimed with some warmth. "I'm in here betwixt the hostiles. They sin't nobody here, but me an' my daughter. We don't pester nobody, an' we don't want nobody to pester us. One of my sons is in the Confederate army, when he ain't in the hospital. These boys, you see, found their old dady a straddie of the tence, an' one clomb down one leg on the Union side, and t'other one clomb down f'other leg on the Confederate side."

"That is what I call an interesting situation," said the Captain, drawing a long breath."

"Any we so, maybo so," assented the Squire.

"Perhaps you have seen him yourself since the war began."

Before the Squire could make any reply Julia rushed at the Captain and threw her arms around his neck, crying: "Oh. brother George, I know you."

The Squire seemed to be dazed by this discovery. He went toward the Captain slowly. The tears streamed down his face and the hand he held out trembted.

"George, I know you."

The squire seemed to be dazed by this discovery. He went toward the Captain slowly. The tears streamed down his face and the hand he held out trembted.

"George," he exclaimed, "God A'mighty knows I'm glad to see you.

O'Halleran and Klipatrick had paused in the midst of their traffic to watch this scene, but when they saw the gray-haired old man crying and hugging his son and the young girl clinging to the two, they were confused.

O'Halleran and Klipatrick had paused in the midst of their traffic to watch this scene, but when they saw the gray-haired old man crying and hugging his son and the young girl clinging to the two, they were confused.

O'Halloran jurned and kicked his bundle.

"Take all the tay and coffee, you bloody boogen." Just give me a pipeful of the weed." Klipatrick shook his fist at the big Irishman.

"Take the darned tobacco, you red mouth Mickey! What do! twant with your tea and coffee?" Then both started to go a little way into the woods, Meur. Clopton following. The Captain would have called them back, but they wouldn't accept the invitation.

"We are just turnin' our backs, sor, while you hold a family orgie," said O'Halleran.

At this moment Tuck reappeared on the scene. Seeing his young master, he stopped still and looked at him, and then broke out into loud complaints.

"Marse Dave Henry, whar de namer goodness you been? You better come read dish yer letter what yo ma writ to you. I'm gwine it limits a key no gray to you over de conis, mou.

"Why, howdy, Tuck," exclaimed Lieut. Clopton, "Ain you glad to see me!"

likely nigger, an' she'll rake you over de con's, mon,"

Why, howdy, Tuck," exclaimed Lieut, Chopton. Ain't you glad to see me!"

Yasser, I speck I is." The negro snoke in a querulous and somewhat doubtful tone, as he produced a letter from the liming of his hat.

But I'd 'a' been a heap gladder of I hadn't mighty nigh trapsed all de gladness out'n me."

Young Clopton took the letter and read it with a suile on his lips and a dimness in his eyes. The negro, left to himself, had his attention attracted by the coffee and tobacco lying exposed on the ground. He looked at the display, scratching his head.

Boss, is dat sho nuff coffee?"

'It is that same, "said O'lialloran.

Deginnywine ole-time coffee?" insisted the negro.

"It is that same." said O'Halloran.
"Deginnywine ole-time coffee?" insisted the negro.
"Tis nothin' else, simin-head."
"Marse Dave Henry," the negro yelled. "run here an look at dish yer ginnywine coffee: Dey's nuff coffee dar fer ter make mistiss happy de balance er her days. Some done spill tout." he excialmed. "Boss, kin I have dom what's on de groun'?"
"Take 'em." said O'Halloran. "an' much good may they do you."
"One, two, thee, fo', fi', sick, sev'n." The negre counted the grains as he picked them up. "Oh, Macse Dave Henry! run here an' look, I got sev'n grains er ginnywine coffee. I'm gwine take um ter mistiss."
The Irishman regarded the negro with curlosity. Then taking the dead branen of a tree, he drew a line several yards in length between himself and Kilpafrick.
"D'ye see that line there?" he said to the negre.
"Dat ar mark? Oh vasser Lecenter.

V.—THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Squire Fambrough insisted that his son should go to the house and look it over for the sake of old times, and young Clopton went along to keep Miss Julia company. O'Halloran, Rilpatrick, and the negro stayed where they were the white men smeking their pipes, and the negro chewing the first "mannyfac" tobacco be lad seen in many a day.

The others were not gone long. As they came back a courier was seen riding through the woods at breaking keeped, going from the Union lines to those of the Confederates, and carrying a white flag. Rilpatrick halled him, and he drew rein long enough to cry out as he waved his flag:

"Lee has surrendered!"

"I was looking out for it," said Rilpatrick, "but, dang me, if I hadn't ruther somebody had a shot me right spang in the gizzard!"

Liout Clopton took out his pocket knife and began to whittle a stick. John Fambrough turned away, and his sister leaned her hand on his shoulder and began to ween. Squire Fambrough rubbed his chin thoughtfully and sighed.

"It had to be father," the Captain said. "It's a piece of news that brings peuce to the land."

"Oh, yes, but it leaves us flat. No money, and nothing to make a crop with."

"I have Government bonds that will be

"I have Government bonds that will be worth a hundred thousand dollars. The interest will keep us comfortably."

For my part," said Clopton, "I have nothing but this free niggor."

You b'lieve de half er dat," spoke up the free nigger. "Mistiss been savin her cotton craps, an' of she got one bale she got two hundred!

The Captain figured a moment. "They will bring more than a hundred thousand dollars."

I have me two arrums," said O'Halloran.

I ve got a mighty fine pack of toxhounds," remarked Klipatrick with real pride.

There was a pause in the conversation. In the distance could be heard the shouting of the Union soldiers and the band with its "Yankee Doodle, Howl'y-do," Suddenly Clopton turned to Capt, Fambrough:

"I want to ask you how many troops have you got over there—lighting men?"

The Captain laughed. Then he put his hand to his mouth and said in a stage whisper:

"Five companies."

"Well, daug my hide!" exclaimed Kilpatrick.

"What is your fighting force?" Capt, Fam.

rick. What is your fighting force?" Capt. Fam-

brough asked.
"Four companies," replied Clopton.
"Think o' that, sir!" cried the Irishman.
"an' me outhere defendin' meself ag'in a whole arn.y." "More than that," said Clopton, our Colonel is a Connecticut man."

Shake." the Captain exclaimed. "My Colobel is a Virginian."

"Lord 'a' mercy." It was Squire fambrough who spoke. "I'm a-goin oil somers an' untangle the tangle we've got oil somers an untargle the tangle we've got the.

Soon the small company separated. The Squire went a short distance toward the Union army with his new-found son, who was now willing to call himself George Somerville Fambrough. Kilpatrick and the negro went trudging back to the Confederate camp, while Clopton lingered a while, saying something of great importance to the fair Julia and himself. His remarks and her replies were those which precede and follow toth comedy and tragedy. The thunders of warrannot drown them, nor can the sunshine of pence render them commonlance.

HE DEALS IN VOLCANIC DUST. A Bealer Who Supplies Articles from the Interior of the Earth.

In all the large centres of the world there are a few dealers who make a business of collecting mineralogical specimens and other material illustrating natural bistory. Their customers are collectors who make a hobby of getting together a fine assoriment of specimens. In New York and Brooklyn there are a number of very fine private mineralogical collections.

A man in London has recently been making something of a specialty of the collection of volcanic dusts. He sent a trustworthy agent a while ago to the great Andes of the Equator. and now he is advertising dust from a number of famous volcanoes. He sells the material in bottles at about 25 cents a bottle. Each sample contains one grain or more. Among these collections is volcanic durt from Cotopaxi, which fell at Quito on June 23, 1877, after a journey through the air of thirty-four miles. Then he has dust from Cotopaxi which was ejected to a height of 40,000 feet which was ejected to a 10.21t of 40.000 feet above the level of the sea in 1880 and fell on Chimborazo after a course of sixty-four miles. The finest particles of this dust weigh less than one twenty-five-thousandth part of a grain. Then there is dust from the terminal slope of Cotopaxi such as is daily ejected by the voicano at the height of 10,500 feet above tho sea.

the voicano at the height of 10,500 feet above the sea.

There are many specimens of lapelli from Ambato, mostly pumice. The fown of Ambato is built upon a deposit of this material. Fine voicanic dust has been secured from Machachi, where it exists as a continuous stratum ten inches thick, the product of some unrecorded cruption of great intensity. It consists largely of felspar and bornblend, and Mr. Whimper says that it is "almost as soft to the touch as cotton wool." Fine pumice dust from the same voicano forms beds many feet in thickness. These voicants dusts form many interesting and instructive objects of the microscope.

The same dealer has line and coarse dusts from Mount Ætna and typical lavas from Cotopaxi and Chimborazo. He also seels pieces of jumice from Krakatoa which were washed ashore, thousands of miles away, on the coast of Madarascar, and voicable dist from St. Lucia which fell on a ship of Barbadoes.

GOD STORIES OF THE PERSENT PAT.

The Researchibe Expertence of Five Solicewe as selectory.

The noon observation had placed us eighty
miles south of Cape Tarwell, and from the
crows next there were five large leebergs in
last couple of hours, and as length as we
rounded the west side of a great burg it fell
and cale and two miles away we beheld
another whaler. It was early spring at the
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north. The flerce gusts seemed to dig great holes in the water, and we dropped from one into another in a way to startle everybody. The bark was due west of us and a mile away The bark was due west of us and a mile away when the squall struck. Even if she could have held her position we could not have reached her. Had the light craft been brought broadside to the gusts she would have been upset in a trice. A sailor is always proud of his officers when they prove themselves sailorly men. I have always remembered with pride how quickly Mr. Davis grasped the situation. We were pulling four oars. Under his order they were lashed together and flung overloard for a drag inside of two minutes. Almost any other mate would have made a push for the bark, and thereby met with disaster. With her head to the wind the boat rode like a duck, but while the sea was struggling to get up it did seem as if she would be knocked to pieces in the turmoil. If you were to be seated in a box and drawn over the surface of a mountain you would find it a pretty fair comparison. If you were standing on the walk and a man were cleaning a house roof of snow you would get no more of it than fell upon us. We had to throw the water out with the ballers and the snow with our hands or find the boat sinking under us.

"It's not so bad as it looks," said Mr. Davis to us, as the sea began to get up and the boat rode easier. "The chances are that the sound

"It's not so bad as it looks," said Mr. Davis to us, as the sea began to get up and the boat rode easier. "The chances are that the squall won't last long, and we shall find the old barkie in sight when the sun comes out again."

We feit that we might almost count on that, and yet we were doomed to disappointment. There wasn't over an hour of davlight left us when the squall came down, and when night There wasn't over an hour of davlight left us when the squail came down, and when night fell the gusts had settled down into a steady gale. The snowstorm passed away with the puffs and gusts, and then, of course, we looked for the lights of the ships. No one was more than temperarily disappointed that we could not make them out. We would drive much faster than the bark or brig if they lay to, and it they had to run before of they were mites ahead of us to the south. At about Go'clock each man snugged down to make himself as comfortable as possible, and it was an

in the lithic of the side. Note that the control of the property of the control o

Through the Mist.

We could see Indian scouts to the number of a dozen when we went into camp for the night on the banks of the Rio Pecos, and no one doubted that a body of at least 200 warriors was within striking distance. If they attacked us we would beat them off. If they failed to attack us we should get a full night's rest. That was about the way we reasoned, and no one was inclined to borrow trouble.

Twenty guards were drawn for the camp fire on a side. Those on the bank of the river

had the shelter of trees, but all others stood out in the open. It was a starlight, chilly night, with a mist rising from the earth. Sometimes, from my position on the east side of camp, from 10 o'clock to-midnight, I could catch glimpses of the horses on the line, while again I could not have seen a man ten feet away. Half an hour after 10 o'clock the camp was as quiet as a graveyard. The fires had burned down, the men had rolled themselves up in their blankets until only their faces sighed out now and then the sound gave every sentimed an unpleasant sensation. You stared into the mist till your eyes ached, but you saw nothing but mist. You listened so intently that you found rourself standing on your toes, but you heard only the monotonous chirp of the crickets and the faraway howlof coyotes. All of a sudden, as a clock might cease ticking, every cricket stopped his song, and then the silence made your flesh creep. They stopped as if by signal, and you couldn't help your heart jumping while the insects waited for the signal to begin again. Sometimes a coyote would sing out not more than fifty feet away, and you could hear him sniff as he smelled the smoke or the remnants of supper. His outery would almost lift you off your feet, and before would almost lift you off your feet, and before showed, and when one of the tired horses

THEIR EVIDENCE.

Some Positive and Startling Testimony.

And They Pledged Their Word to Its Absolute Truth.

Something Which Will be to All Conclusive and Convincing Proof.

We publish the evidence of two well-known and highly respected ladies, and we consider that such testimony amounts to absolute proof. Mrs. J. W. Beale, who resides at 52 Eastern

av., Worcester, Mass., makes the following statement: "I was sick for more then seven years, not able to do my housework for five years. I em-ployed more than sixteen different doctors without benefit. The whole length of my spine was very had, which went to my head.

me to stoop to the floor or turn my head to the right or left, my neck was so stiff. "I was unable to comb my hair, the nerves of my head were so sore. I also had convul-sions and kidney trouble.

being so bad that it was about impossible for



"After a time I was persuaded to use Da. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Words cannot express my wonderful cure! Now all is changed, and I am strong and well and able to do all my work. I have gained 26 pounds in weight, and where before all was gloom and despondency, there is now light and hope.

"Words cannot express my feelings! Thanks to God and the wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerveremedy, I am cured. I write this with the desire that others may be influenced to use this wonderful medicine as I did and be cured."

Mrs. M. Wreath of 710 Sterling st. Philadelphia, Pa., says:

"I suffered most indescribable pain in my head, pain in my heart, with fluttering, and weak, nervous spells. Often with difficulty I could sleep or rest, and at times was upable to perform my duties.



doubt that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy does surely cure most kinds of diseases, and not be influenced to immediately try this wonderful medicine in their own cases, is beyond our understanding.

Especially would this seem true when the doctors so widely recommend the use of this yaluable remedy. It is kept by druggists for \$1, and is purely vegetable and harmless, being the prescription and discovery of Dr. Greene of 35 West 14th st. New York, the famous specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted free, personally or by letter,—Adv.

THE GULLS OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY. A Delight to Ferry Passengers and a Guide to Successful Weather Sharps

From the San Francisco Enaminer. The occupation of the ferry commuters has returned; the bay is full of gulls once more. It is usually summer when these incidents of bay travel are most conspicious by their absence, but this winter has been so prolific of southeasters and other kinds of stormy disturbance that the birds have not had time to amuse the people who do business in San Francisco and make a bedroom of Oakland.

Where have they been? Nobody knows ex-actly. The pilots and towboatmen with whom they affiliate in the summer have known them

Where have they been? Nobody knows exactly. The pilots and towbeatmen with whom they affiliate in the summer have known them not; over on the Butchertown flats there has been no perceptible increase in the feathered sojourners, and only California City and the fishing camps under the lee of high shores have reports of more birds than usual, and these do not begin to account for the numbers that have been missing from the wake of the ferryboats.

But they are all back again now, and the commuters are renewing old acquaintances and making fresh ones with the surplus scrape from their lunch baskets. The old gray and white patriarch with the string tied to his left leg is on hand, and giving his cid-time evidence of intelligence by working the morning boats coming west, and the evening boats going east. It is said that he knows the pretty brunette typewriter for a California street insurance firm, and that since she first feed him on that do fols and shonge cake he has had the port side of the 5 F. M. hoat constantly in view. The string on his leg is supposed to be a relic of the experiments and vengeance of the Italian dishermen, who sought last year to make horrible examples of some of his tribs. When the bay fishermen hadled in their nets it was not an uncommon thing for the more daring of the gulls to swoop down and carry off the best specimens within their lifting power. Occasionally they became entangled in the nets, and some of the listenmentak to fastening their bilis together and turning them loose to starve. One Sicilian of an experimental turn of mind went further, and staked out a dozen of them in order to ind out how ions they could sustain life on an empty stomach. When this particular gull was first noticed he had comething fastened to his beak and this, added to this bring on his leg, gave rise to the belief that he was an excepted victim of Mala vengennes.

Two of the most pleased commuters are william D. English and W. W. Foote. They took to cultivating the acquaintance of their weather prediction